

An ornate, symmetrical decorative border in a dark brown color frames the entire page. The border features intricate scrollwork, floral motifs, and leaf-like patterns at the corners and along the edges.

# Finally

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## Finally by claudiaistrash

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**Summary:**

♥ also known as the five times Richie Tozier wanted to kiss Eddie Kaspbrak and the one time it happened ♥

## Finally

### Author's Note:

HELLO! ever since i watched the movie, i've been kinda (very) obsessed with IT and Reddie especially so i spontaneously decided to write this!! i wanted to post this as soon as i wrote it but i didn't have an account then and i had to wait until today!

this is my first time actually finishing a fic and posting it so i hope you enjoy iT,,

(i really hope this hasn't been done before)

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-one-

May 1989

"Richie you fucking idiot, I hate you!" exclaimed Eddie, shoving the aforementioned boy playfully. Richie had made a 'your mother' joke right after the smaller boy ranted about why chewing gum was bad for your health (it causes people to swallow excess air which would lead to gastrointestinal issues, or something along those lines).

They were walking home after a long and tiring day of school, the rest of their gang - Bill and Stan - already separated from them since they lived further away.

"Ugh, I can't wait for summer, it's not like anything we're learning now will be useful for us in the future anyways," groaned Richie, tilting his head slightly backwards and swinging his arms a little to emphasize his frustration.

Eddie nodded, "yeah, they really should start teaching us on how I can get your mother to bang me more often." This was said with a wink.

"HEY! Okay, I gotta hand it to you Eddie spaghetti, that was pretty

good.” Richie giggled, finding it adorable how much he had influenced the other boy since the day they first met; Eddie wouldn’t have ever said words like that if he didn’t meet Richie. (He winked too, what the fuck.)

Eddie blushed lightly at the compliment, he knew it was silly to do so, but it was rare to hear kind words directed towards him, especially when those kind words came from someone who was labeled ‘Trashmouth’ by everyone who knew him.

Richie glanced at Eddie, taking in how he reacted from such simple words, it was cute. Moments like these didn’t happen often between the two (since they bickered almost non-stop all the time), but when they did, Richie felt warm and tingly inside. Was that normal? He didn’t care.

What he did care about though, was that he never wanted to kiss anyone else so badly in his life before.

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-two-

June 1989 (i)

Everyone had jumped into the quarry except for Richie and Eddie. The latter of the two being too scared to jump and the former staying to try to persuade him.

“Do you know how many people die from jumping into quarries? If it’s too cold, one may get hypothermia and, even if the temperature’s perfectly fine, there’s a chance of there being underwater ledges and recesses. Of course it may seem very inviting because it’s so hot but what if there’s dangerous algae as well? Oh god, I should’ve warned the others before they jumped in. I can’t hear them at all, do you think they’re okay? This is my fault, I-”

“EDDIE, they’re fine. Don’t worry, look,” said Richie, grabbing Eddie’s shoulder calmly whilst pointing to the rest who were swimming around with big and worry-free smiles.

Eddie peered down and breathed out, relieved.

“So, are you ready?” questioned Richie, not waiting for an answer before pushing the previously panicking boy into the water below.

“FUCK, RICHIE, WH-” before he knew it, Eddie was submerged into cold water, which he surprisingly got used to pretty quickly.

Then, a few moments later, he felt a splash beside him and looked, he wanted to be mad at the boy who pushed him but he couldn’t, not when he looked like that. His hair was sticking to his head and his eyes weren’t enlarged by his glasses (not that he was complaining, he did look attractive with his glasses on too, but wow).

So, it was pretty well known that Eddie Kaspbrak was attracted to boys - which is why almost the entire school (excluding the gang) liked to make fun of him - but what nobody knew was that Richie Tozier is pansexual and has only started realizing his feelings towards the hypochondriac.

“Well I-look who decided t-to finally joi-join us!” voiced out Bill, interrupting Eddie’s and Richie’s thoughts about each other.

After this, all of them started splashing around in the water. Richie and Eddie did feel Ben and Bill staring at Beverly a lot, but they paid no mind to it and also weren’t aware that they were doing the same to each other.

‘Damn, it would be really great if I could kiss Eddie right now’ crossed Richie’s mind as many times as he cracked up jokes at bad times (which is to say: a lot).

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-three-

June 1989 (ii)

Why the fuck did Richie had to pick the short straw? Why the fuck was this happening to them? What did they all do to deserve this? Why was his face stuck on a missing poster with all the right details? All these questions had passed through Richie’s mind when he was in 29 Neibolt Street with Bill and Eddie. He didn’t mind if he didn’t get answers for any of those questions (okay, maybe he did slightly) but

what he needed to know was whether Eddie was alright or not.

He was so worried for his best friend because they were separated. Bill and Richie were distracted when they saw and heard someone calling for help, and as they found out who it was (Betty Ripsom), she got dragged into a room. Bill and Richie, of course, then went into said room, only noticing that Eddie wasn't with them when it was too late.

Shit, how the fuck did I manage to get distracted, what am I going to do? Eddie's going to get hurt because of me. FUCK.

Richie's thoughts didn't trail far, however, because he saw Eddie calling out to him in a dimly lit room next to the one he and Bill were in. Of course it didn't make sense for him to actually be there, but it was worth a shot (plus, he'd do anything for Eddie).

"Eddie!" he called out, whilst walking into the room, expecting a reply. "We're not playing hide and seek, dipshit!"

Eddie was nowhere to be found. Richie tried to walk out of the room and unexpectedly, the door shut in front of him. He became aware that it was another one of It's tricks to lure him away so that he'd be alone. He rushed to the door and tried twisting the handle multiple times, lights flickering as he did so, but to no avail, he was trapped. Oh no.

He gave up on trying to open the door and had no choice but to face the opposite direction, when he did so, the cloth that was covering the objects in the room dropped to the ground. Clowns. It had to be fucking clowns. Great.

He wanted to try opening the door again and turned around but there was a clown blocking his path. This caused him to jump back and look around the room cautiously.

He moved to one of the clowns and tapped it, nothing happened. Okay, there's no reason to be afraid, it's just a stupid porcelain clown.

He thought too soon because right after this, an object in the middle of the room - which he found out was a coffin after the cloth covering

it dropped to the ground - opened slowly.

On the lid inside of the coffin, he saw the missing poster of him stuck on it. Not only that, there also seemed to be a word written in blood: FOUND. What does that imply? Shit.

His instincts told him to walk closer and inspect what the coffin contained (he felt eyes watching him when he did this). He peered inside to find a black cloth overlaying something (what is it with cloths in this room?). He removed the cloth and revealed a doll that looked almost exactly like him, one of the differences being that he didn't have maggots crawling inside of him (there better not be).

He flinched at the sight and shut the coffin. He made a mistake when doing this because Pennywise jumped out immediately and crouched on it menacingly.

"BEEP BEEP, RICHIE!" said the demonic clown, knowing the phrase his best friends used when Richie was going too far with his jokes.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. FUCK. Richie backed up from the clown - who was getting closer with every passing second - until he reached the door. He twisted the handle once more. This time, it actually worked. He went out of the room and shut the door forcefully.

He was reunited with Bill, but Eddie was still nowhere to be found. The events following this weren't pleasant either. They saw Eddie's head pop out of a mattress, spitting loogie that had the property of acid all over the floor. They had to quickly make a decision on whether to go through a door that said 'Not Scary At All', 'Scary', or 'Very Scary' before the acidic loogie got to them (of course, common sense told them to go into the first door).

They went in once, seeing Betty Ripsom without the bottom half of her body ("WHERE THE FUCK WERE HER LEGS?") when Bill pulled on the light switch. They both freaked out and shut the door quickly.

Bill then reassured Richie that what they were seeing wasn't real and opened the door once more. This time, Betty wasn't there anymore, it was just a hallway with a very bright orange light at the end.

They called for Eddie and ran towards the light. Once their eyes adjusted, they found that the light was coming from a door. They threw it open and were greeted with Pennywise turning towards them. They knew they interrupted Pennywise because his (its? does Pennywise have a gender?) hand was on Eddie's face (I don't want to know what would've happened if we didn't reach in time).

Richie freaked out at this, he didn't want his best friend to die. He also winced because he saw that Eddie's arm was bent in an angle that was clearly not normal.

"EDDIE!"

Pennywise glared at both of them, the silence dragging out before anything was said was terrifying.

"This isn't real enough for you, Billy? I'm not real enough for you? IT WAS REAL ENOUGH FOR GEORGIE." It laughed maniacally and tried to throw himself onto Bill, baring its hideous rows of teeth.

Emphasis on the word 'tried' because Beverly (who almost certainly heard all the commotion) came into the room and stabbed Pennywise in the eye. Richie then became aware that the rest of the Losers' Club were also in the room, he didn't see them earlier because he was too concentrated on Pennywise.

Richie realized this was his chance to get to Eddie and he did so as quickly as he could've. Pennywise was mad, looking at them even more threateningly than before. He put both of his hands on Eddie's face, which was frozen in shock from what he just experienced, and turned it towards him.

"EDDIE. Look at me. Do not concentrate on him. It's going to be okay, I promise," Richie stared directly into Eddie's eyes as he said this and was in pain because of how much fear he saw in them.

Richie didn't focus on what was going on around them (Pennywise wounded Ben's stomach and Bill followed it when it left to see where it resided) and instead focused on the trembling boy in front of him.

"It's going to be okay, we will be okay, you have to believe me Eds."



His hands were still on the sides of his face and both boys were still staring into each others' eyes. Richie was so close to kissing Eddie, but he didn't, in fear of hurting him even more.

"I'm going to snap your arm into place-" "DO NOT FUCKING TOUCH ME-"

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-four-

July 1989

Saying that Richie Tozier misses Eddie Kaspbrak would be an understatement of the century. Ever since the day that the Losers' Club visited the most wicked house on Neibolt Street, Eddie's mother never let him out of his house anymore.

Eddie was trapped, like a hamster in its cage, in his own house. He wasn't allowed to go see his friends, wasn't allowed to walk outside to get fresh air, wasn't even allowed to go outside to get the mail. All because of the time he broke his arm.

Even though he was glad that his mother cared, he wished that she wasn't so overprotective. He was pretty sure that all his friends hated him (his mother called them monsters, how could they not hate him?) and that they were probably even talking about him behind his back right now. He didn't know what happened after his mother drove him off the other day and he didn't really want to know either.

Since he wasn't allowed to go out, he had plenty of time to be left alone with his never-ending thoughts. Sometimes they were bad, sometimes they were slightly better, sometimes he didn't even know why his mind thought about such things. Today, his mind drifted to Richie (it has been doing that a lot lately). He wondered what his best friend was doing, whether he even considered him as his best friend still, whether he was thinking about him as well. He also thought back to when he cupped his face. He imagined how it would've been like if that happened without a killer clown trying to feed on their fear (and on them), it would've been nice.

Richie felt empty without his best friend, his 'partner in crime' or whatever it was called. He didn't know what to do without Eddie. He thought of him constantly and was really tempted to call him. He hesitated each time because he was afraid that Sonia Kaspbrak would pick up and he knew he wouldn't hear the end of it then.

So with his second closest best friend also not talking to him because of the fight, he didn't know what else to do other than what he originally planned to do during summer, go to the arcade and play 'Street Fighter' for hours until his fingers turned numb.

He mostly did this because the thought of him kissing Eddie had grown on him since the day on Neibolt Street and he needed a distraction before he became crazy.

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August 1989

-five-

They did it. They killed It.

As much as they knew the clown was gone, they still felt like they haven't won. There was no cheesy song playing in the background when they exited the sewers, it wasn't like a movie. They left the sewers feeling disgusting and overall done with everything they went through.

They all hugged once more with weak and tired smiles, they congratulated themselves and hoped that this was the end (it better fucking be).

Then they all went home, took long showers and a well-deserved rest. Everything supposed to feel normal again but for some reason, it didn't. They knew that whatever they faced, all that they've done, it would never leave their minds (as much as they wanted it to).

Richie went to sleep that night with a nightmare. It was about the time where Eddie was almost killed by Pennywise, but this time, Beverly wasn't there to save the day and all Richie was able to do was watch helplessly. He knew it was a bad dream but it felt so real.

He woke up with a start, his heart was racing and he was panting like a dog on a hot day. He had to make sure that Eddie was alright.

He cycled to Eddie's house as quickly as he could, not bothering about the sounds he made when he ran out of the house, his parents wouldn't care, they probably thought he ran away for good.

When he got to Eddie's house, he climbed up the tree that was close to Eddie's window and tapped it gently. He had done this many times before and was therefore used to it.

Eddie didn't answer so he tapped the window again, a little harder than the last time, but not too hard in case he woke Mrs. Kaspbrak up.

This time, a drawing of the curtains could be heard and Richie smiled widely when he saw Eddie, glad that he was okay.

He opened the window. "What the fuck are you doing h- Oh my god Richie are you okay? Why are you crying?"

He was crying? He didn't even realize that he was and wiped his tears away. "I-I had a bad dream and-"

"Oh, Rich, come in, you can explain in here," Eddie pulled Richie into his bedroom and shut the window, drawing the curtains closed as well.

He was still holding Richie's hand when they both got to the bed and sat down facing each other. He didn't let go even when the spectacled boy was done explaining about how he saw his best friend die before his eyes, how worried he was and how scared he was still.

"Hey, you said it to me before so I'm going to say it to you this time. It's going to be okay Richie, I'm here. I always will be, I promise." Eddie let go of his hand this time to hug him tightly and let him cry even more. This caused him to cry too, they had been through so much.

After some time, Eddie offered to let Richie stay the night. "What if your mother catches us?" "It's alright, we'll worry about her tomorrow. Anyways, I don't think she wants to talk to me for a while

after the whole gazebo thing.”

Richie smiled and went under the blankets, feeling safe and warm for the first time in ages. He felt even warmer when Eddie went under the covers after switching off the lights. He wasn't sure whether it was because of the heat or something else, but it felt right.

The two boys held each other tightly for the whole night, neither of them saying anything about it during the days that followed.

Eddie didn't know, but Richie couldn't sleep for quite a long time that night because all he wanted to do was to pull the boy closer to him and kiss him forever (Richie didn't know Eddie felt the same way too).

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+ 1

September 1989

The Losers' Club swore a blood oath that whatever happens to them and wherever they end up in life in the future, they would return to Derry if It ever returns. Nobody dared to say it but they had an itching feeling that it wasn't over yet.

They hung around after the oath and went back one by one. Stan being the first to leave and Mike being the second.

Then, it was Eddie's turn. He hugged Richie, with as much feeling as that night in August. He knew the hug might've been a little too long for it to be platonic, but he couldn't care less. He waved the rest goodbye and walked away but he didn't walk home; he sat on the sidewalk as he emerged from the trees and rested his head on his arms.

He pondered about everything, how their small group of friends - which consisted of only four of them - had grown to seven, how close he had gotten to everyone (especially Richie), how he actually thinks he might be in love with Richie, how all of this had happened in just one summer, how he managed to be brave enough to stand up for himself in front of his mother about the gazebos (or placebos, he gave

up on knowing the real term).

He was so deep in thought that he didn't see the other figure walking towards him.

"What are you thinking about, Eds?"

"Don't call me that! You know how much I hate that nickname." He loved it (both of them knew that).

"Yeah, but you didn't answer my question." Richie sat next to him, their arms touching. His heart started racing.

"I've just been thinking about everything."

"Everything?"

"Everything we've been through, all that we've done, that kind of everything."

"Ah, I've been thinking about that a lot too."

Eddie hummed in response and they fell into comfortable silence. Like magnets, their hands laced together again (none of them realizing this).

"Hey, uh, Eddie?" Eddie was nervous because he never seen Richie look so serious before, but he hummed in response again, this time questioningly.

"Can we talk about what happened that night in your house when we defeated It?" He was blushing, hard.

"O-Oh, yeah, what about it?" They were both blushing at this point, noticing their intertwined hands.

"W-Well, um, I think that I, mighthavefeelingsforyouandireallydon'tknowhowtodealwithit." He said it so quickly that Eddie almost missed it.

"Woah there, slow down, I didn't catch that. What did you say?" Surely he must have misheard, there was no way.

“I-I might have feelings for you and I really don’t know how to deal with it.” He said it slower this time but he was looking at the floor, his face turning even redder than before.

“Richie, look at me.” He did.

“I don’t want to ruin what we have, I mean, I’ve felt this way for the longest time now and I can’t stand it anymore. I had to do something about it, I-” his words were cut off when Eddie put one hand on his chin delicately and the other hand at the back of his neck, pulling him closer.

“I felt the same way too, and I had my suspicions but I wasn’t too sure. How did you not notice?” They moved closer.

“I don’t know, I was just too worried I guess.” Closer.

“There’s nothing to worry about anymore.” Their eyes were fluttering shut.

“You’re cute.” Their lips touched. Slowly, both boys started moving their lips and everything fell into place, everything felt right. It was messy, Richie tasted like pancakes that he had for breakfast earlier and Eddie tasted like fake medicine (he still took them to please his mother, it’s not like they did any harm anyways), but it was gentle and sweet and all they ever wanted.

Both of them were still glued to each other, occasionally stopping for air, when Bill and Beverly emerged as well. “I’m glad they figured it out after so long,” Beverly whispered (she didn’t want to distract them), heart lifting as she felt proud.

“Y-Yeah, finally.”

### **Author’s Note:**

!!

how was it? i apologize if i made any grammar mistakes/mistakes about the movie!

i loved writing this and i would love to write more!

leave feedback please aaa

THANK YOU ♥

((also shoutout to @oceanhearted for helping me understand how ao3 works))